

Unholy

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by [isntitcrazy](#)

Summary

He swallowed again, thick and heavy when nerves ran down his throat.
“What?”

George laughed, low and wicked where it hid beneath his breath. It was almost as distracting as the shade of carmine gripping his thighs, legs shifting slightly when hands pushed down against his lap.

“You keep staring at me.”

Dream learns that George has a secret. A pretty, skirt-related secret. And he really, *really* likes it.

Notes

hello !! a smut oneshot again, i feel like it's been a while when it probably hasn't been that long lol

thank you to [flame flameonfire](#) for betaing this fic for me !! i appreciate it and you more than you know :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Maybe living with George had been a bad idea after all.

And it wasn't the same issue as it was with some of Dream's previous roommates—not a matter of dirty dishes in the sink or inviting people over without asking first, not a matter of failing to make joint living a true mutual split. On paper, George was a perfect roommate. He paid his half of rent on time and cleaned up after himself and didn't even invite anyone over to begin with. So really, living with George had been a good idea.

Except it wasn't. Call it Dream's fault, but George was a walking-talking distraction who made Dream feel like he couldn't breathe. It was the way he talked, the way he laughed, the way he carried himself, the way he looked at Dream over the dinner table and raised his eyebrows in cocky edge. Everything about him that had been so easy to love over Discord calls and Twitch streams persisted through real life, perhaps in greater quantity now that Dream could see and *feel* the boy who had taken him with such tight hands.

But that wasn't even the end of it. Because, apparently, George *didn't* tell Dream everything, no matter what the blond had been led to believe. There were secrets kept soft and baiting between them, nothing lied about or kept with mal intent, but secrets nonetheless.

It was the way George dressed. Because while Dream had been led to believe that George was all sweatpants and baggy t-shirts and oversized hoodies, he was not. Even if those were the only things he wore where other people could see him, there was another layer to him that had gone unseen for far too long.

Skirts. *Skirts*. And sweatshirts that had been cut to expose his midriff, and tall socks that gripped around his thighs and made his legs look longer than they already were. An amalgamation of too-pretty things on an already too-pretty boy, only adding to the fact that George was insufferable in all the right ways and that Dream wanted to touch him in all the wrong places.

The first time he walked out of his bedroom in a pretty white skirt was the first time Dream had to run back to his. It was too much for him to take in so unannounced, when George was acting like nothing was different about them or the way he looked because really, it *shouldn't* have been a big deal. And objectively, it wasn't—so what if George liked wearing skirts? He could wear whatever the hell he wanted, it didn't matter.

Subjectively, though, was an entirely different story. Subjectively, he looked *way* too good to just be walking around like that, pretty pale skin so close to being within Dream's reach but staying distant for matters different than physicality.

Like—albeit, very blurred—lines in platonic relationships, the fact that George was his friend and he shouldn't be thinking about him like *that*. Thinking about him in the manner that was how good he'd look sat in his lap, or how that coy smirk he wore could be given in a different situation, or that his hands could do more than just toy with the hem of his skirt.

He was enticing, and pretty, and *so close* to Dream's reach. No more than an arm's length away, no farther than the next room over when thoughts were running wild and feet were tripping over themselves to find a way to clear filthy images. The only thing clear to Dream was that he wanted George in a way he couldn't have him, from bed sheets to kitchen counters to reflections in the

mirror.

Maybe there would be a final straw. And it would either end with George moving out or Dream re-collecting himself, because really, the two of them ending up in bed together was not the direction this was going.

Living with George had been a terrible idea. And George was not currently helping his case, seeing how he walked into the living room in his black skirt, red hoodie, and matching red thigh-high socks.

Because this is just how he *was*. He could sit down to watch a movie dressed like that, a mere few feet away from Dream on the couch and seemingly clueless to all the unholy thoughts that raged through his head.

It was the spill of his thighs over the tops of those socks, it was the exposed skin of his stomach above that tight-looking waistband, it was the tight coil of his hands in his lap and the way his fingers curled like marble over his own skin, it was how the black skirt spilled over alabaster thighs and made him look so fucking *perfect*. Dream knew he'd looked for just a moment too long, but he dragged his eyes away with only the faintest touch of pink on his cheekbones and not a word from George.

Not a related word, at least. The question, "What are we watching?" rang through the space between them, but it didn't feel accusing; only curious.

But it still felt impossible to answer, because it had been asked in George's voice. His voice was bubbling and undeniable, impossible to say no to and difficult to ignore. It made Dream swallow, thick and audible, words weighing heavy on his tongue.

"I don't know," is all he said, because it was the truth. "I haven't picked a movie yet."

The way George looked at him caught Dream off-guard. Though his eyes could certainly make him falter under a lot of different circumstances, this one felt different in shock factor; furrowed eyebrows, thick accusation hiding in the darks of his eyes and lips curling in a way that felt hard to describe.

It was like he could see straight through Dream. What he was seeing, Dream couldn't know; all he knew was he felt translucent, and he could only hope that the secrets written visibly on his skin didn't spell out *I want you*.

"I thought you said there was something you wanted to watch."

George said it plainly, *like fact*, because that's what it was. And maybe Dream was more translucent than he felt, because if he'd ever said that it had slipped his mind, but perhaps it fell through him and was sitting in the gaps between his ribcage.

"Huh?" he asked in a voice higher pitched than his own, confusion genuine but panicked when he had to keep looking at a boy who made him think of all those sinful things.

"Well, that's why we're here," George said simply, and the unknown curve to his lips was starting to turn into a smirk. "Last night you told me there was a movie you wanted to see."

Well, shit.

Dream had managed to forget all his own words, and the way he'd told George that just because he wanted to spend more time with him. Because he knew that George wore skirts to be comfortable,

and maybe if they could just do something casual and thoughtless, then he'd dress the way he was dressed right now.

Perhaps it was a little bit selfish. Maybe Dream deserved the accusatory glances coming from his friend right then, the raised eyebrows when truth had left him frozen and silent with shades of dusty rose lathered beneath his freckles.

“Dream?” he prodded, cockiness doubling beneath in fierce complexion.

The blond could only blink. He hadn't realized how spacey he'd gotten until the call of his name was biting at his ears, ivory teeth tugging visible when George dared to grin in his direction.

He swallowed again, thick and heavy when nerves ran down his throat. “What?”

George laughed, low and wicked where it hid beneath his breath. It was almost as distracting as the shade of carmine gripping his thighs, legs shifting slightly when hands pushed down against his lap.

“You keep staring at me.”

Words found their way into the spaces between Dream's bones, tugging at the curved parts of his skeleton and making him *feel it*. He couldn't ignore the heat as it spread under his cheeks, darkening the shade of his skin until it got dangerously close to the color that hung from George's shoulders.

He felt caught, because he was. And even if George couldn't see all the positions he'd put the two of them in behind his verdant eyes, it certainly felt like he could, gaze burning holes into the visible licks of tan until he was marked in all the wrong ways.

“It's not staring,” he tried, but even the strongest defense could feel weak when the foundation was built so flimsy.

It wasn't like there was any use to it anyways. Not when George had fucking *eyes*, and he could surely see the way Dream looked at him then and every time before. With dark-colored interest, with lust behind dilating pupils, like he wanted to eat George alive.

Maybe he did. In some ways, he did want to devour the boy that sat before him.

“I'm not blind, Dream,” George remarked with another wicked laugh, and even if Dream had seen it coming it still pierced his flesh crimson. “I see you do it all the time.”

He was seen. From all corners of the room, Dream was splayed out and completely visible. And George was grinning at him like the Cheshire cat, toothy and without forgiveness, because the sputter on Dream's lips and the color in his cheeks were two too many ways to give himself away.

“Don't lie to me,” George said before Dream could get a single word out. “I see the way you look at me, too.”

It all came so easy, the way words tumbled from the pink of George's lips. He spoke with a wicked tongue and a piercing stare, shades of umber that had never felt so bright. Perhaps it was just the way the light hit them, pupils that seemed to glint when chins were angled down with a stare that could take Dream down.

He felt so *small*. So much smaller than George despite being taller and stronger and *larger* than him, but there was something about the way he carried himself sitting on the other side of the

couch. Maybe being tall never had anything to do with height.

“Do you *want* me to look at you?” Dream tried, and he could learn to hate the way he feared the answer *no*.

But George laughed, thick and heavy where it cascaded off biting lips, still tinted with the voice Dream couldn’t resist and lifted with a sickly cocky edge.

“I can’t say I don’t,” George admitted, the shrug of his shoulders far too nonchalant. “I like it when you stare.”

The words cut through Dream’s skin, deep enough to leave a scar whenever he would finally stop bleeding. And the drip of aching crimson was felt all over his body, thick and sliding where it ran across him with the bite of waking suns.

“Yeah?” and he sounded breathless, because his lungs were empty and his ribcage was stolen out from under him at the same time he lost his spine.

But George didn’t answer with those twisted words that had filled the air so nicely, only humming through closed lips at the same time he grinned. Ivory had gone back to hiding, nothing more than a spread of pink across alabaster but still just as cocky as the rest of him. As statuesque hands unfolded in his lap, George crawled closer to Dream, and he couldn’t have missed the way found breath caught in sun-stained throats or the flicker of verdant eyes when they couldn’t believe an image laid out before them.

Because it was just like all those dirty fantasies. The ones that clouded Dream’s mind into the late hours of night, when gold was long gone and the sky was darkened in light pollution; something a little bit like now. Except the plan wasn’t *this*, the plan was to turn off the living room lights and sit alongside each other while Dream hid all the filthy things within his skull and George remained clueless.

In his head, it would’ve looked like this. Though it felt infinitely better to see it come to him in reality, with spreading legs as George crawled into his lap and perched himself atop Dream’s thigh. Knees caged in his leg on the other side, red-covered and relentless, one of them laying far too close to Dream’s cock for comfort and the other pressing firmly against his thigh.

They were so *close*. Close enough for breath to mix, swirling taut within each other when gasps escaped those pretty lips. Dream could lose himself in the way George’s face looked up-close, with the shadow of his eyelashes reflected onto his cheeks and freckles that were dotted enough to be counted.

He was indescribable. And with a grin that could never go unscathing, he leaned in even closer to Dream’s face, so close that their lips brushed together and Dream could feel the world stop when expectations died on his tongue.

“Yeah,” George repeated finally, and even a single syllable could feel like everything when Dream could taste the scarlet off his tongue. “I like it when you look at me just like this.”

Dream couldn’t imagine what *this* was. Wide eyes and flicking lashes, parted lips that couldn’t shut and shades of red curled under freckled skin. Surely, he looked like an idiot, lost to George’s entralling existence and the way he carried himself at every dip and turn.

Hands found placement on Dream’s shoulders, thin fingers curling the fabric laid over muscle and finding a way to dig into him. They carved divots even through the cover of his t-shirt, searching

for ways to make Dream feel, and he could certainly feel a thousand wanted things when the only barriers left between them were tired grey sweatpants and enough air for a single breath.

There were few things that could top the moment they shared right then. Where George was in Dream's *lap*, baring his teeth before the inevitability of their lips pressed together came to be. And maybe Dream had to ask, because really, it was all he wanted, and he would've done anything in the world to close that minuscule gap between them.

"Will you kiss me?" Dream asked, a question spilled in bated breath and with all the fear of misread rooms.

But George grinned, even wider than before, and he leaned in with eyes slipping shut in lieu of worded response. Their lips met in softness at first, but gentle feelings only lasted for a moment, and the second lips parted they were clashing together without relent, pink and pink and fanged ivory against white in a way that could only be described as *messy*.

It was messy in all the right ways, with mixing spit and consuming lips, with large hands on a small waist and tugging forward as if they could be drawn any closer. George seemed to grin into the kiss when Dream dug fingers into the exposed parts of him, hips rolling down against a clothed thigh in a way that made him gasp, and Dream almost lost his mind at the way it felt to have that spilling through his lips.

The hands on George's waist crept down, slipping below the waistband of his skirt and lower even still until they were flicking at the hem. It made George giggle softly, with his own fingers laced through the gold of Dream's hair, and when Dream finally slipped his hands up beneath George's skirt he found the mischief hiding in the grin on his lips.

He pulled away just enough to whisper, noses still touching and foreheads pressed together so words could spill in a burning hot cover over paper pale skin. Dream wondered aloud, speech soft and vision softer, features hard to make out even when he cracked his eyes open seeing how they sat so close.

"Are you not wearing anything...?" he started, but even with the proof of bare skin under his palms he couldn't manage to finish his thought.

"Under my skirt?" George prodded, and when Dream nodded slightly in affirmation, he giggled with that same air of mischief. "No."

Dream swallowed thickly. *That* certainly hadn't been something he was expecting, but the ability to run his hands over George's bare skin was certainly a welcome surprise. So he did just that, drawing tiny circles into the pale of his half-exposed thighs, breathing heavy and labored against parted lips.

"Is that a regular thing?" he asked breathlessly, because if his mind was going to be plagued with sinful imagery then he might as well get it right.

"No, just for tonight," George confessed, and Dream ran his hands higher. "I wanted—*fuck*," Dream gave a momentary grip to George's ass, smirking when it pulled a curse from him, "—I wanted this."

And that smirk could only grow. "To be in my lap?"

George pressed in close again. "Your hands on me."

A low hum escapes Dream's throat, halfway to a groan and spilled against pretty pink lips. It's

borderline intoxicating; George's hands as they coast down the column of his throat, moon-rock fingers that catch under the collar of his shirt, hips that move in a slow grind against Dream's thigh. Bare skin against grey fabric, a drag that Dream can only imagine—but he'll get drunk off the breathy whines gasped out into his mouth, the feeling of George's shifting hips where they roll down against his thigh, pressing down absentmindedly against him.

Dream would try to guide him, but truthfully, he's far too distracted to figure out how. So his hands sit useless under the fabric of George's skirt, gripping at his thighs with a slurred dig into alabaster. It feels pointed, blunt nails digging into marblesque flesh, and George isn't protesting with the way he drags matching ivory over Dream's lips tinted carmine.

He bites, the dig of pastel canines into red-turning lips, mouths dragging apart with nothing more to connect than those gripping teeth. Eyes pry open to look into each other, seeking darkness in the surrounding parts of pupils and flushes under scattered freckles. Those gripping ivories pull away from Dream's bottom lip in devoted stain, the pink of his mouth knocking back against teeth with a quiet *plop*.

They can only breathe against each other for a moment, the stuttered movements of George's hips beginning to slow, but the tight grip Dream has on his waist finally turns to guidance. And he's pulling George's hips towards him, encouraging the careful roll of his body down against him.

It drags another wicked laugh past his smirking lips, twirled thick and ebon-tinted, and the only thing keeping Dream from frowning is how fucking *distracting* it is to have George on him like this. With a huff of breath against Dream's slick and garnet lips, George leaned up to press his lips against Dream's ear.

“Do you like it when I ride your thigh?” George taunts, words in breath against the shell of Dream's ear.

It earns him a satisfying gasp of breath from the blond, the flutter of his eyelashes only emphasized by the flick of a pink tongue up the side of his ear. It makes his breath hitch, words momentarily lost to the heaviness of his silver-wetness and tightness in his throat, answers sought but scarcely found when he clawed nails-first through the holes in his own chest.

“Yes,” he managed, back arching off the couch slightly when one of George's hands fell against his cock. “Oh my god.”

George laughed again, this time huffed right against Dream's ear, sounds in ebon tones curling around the shell of his ear and sliding down his neck. It nearly felt as thick as the blood in his body, pulsing at the same tempo to his heart and making his veins glow cobalt blue.

The lithe hand on him gripped harder, effectively outlining his cock through his sweats and making him gasp pitifully. George pressed a wet kiss to the side of Dream's neck as he started to move his hand, rubbing at the length of Dream's cock through his pants in tandem with the roll of his hips. He matched the tempo in both, moving in careful sync that felt practiced enough to not have been the first time.

Dream made another borderline pathetic noise, trailing his hands over George's ass under his skirt. Marks were sucked into the skin of his neck, staining him mulberry with sinful intent so he could think about this moment for all the times to come after it. Could remember George's lips on his neck and the dig of teeth that followed, carving divots into the tan of his flesh and leaving slick spit in pink mouth's wake.

Fingers gripped around his cock, palm sliding up against him with the rough glide of fabric laid

beneath. Dream wanted *more*, more stimulation, the heat of skin on skin, the truth of being touched without a pale grey barrier stuck between them. But George was making no moves to dive below his waistband—even if two fingers would toy with the strings on his pants—only solidifying his intent to tease.

When was it not his intent to tease? With the way his hips grinded down against Dream's thigh, and how his tongue was dragging with tantalizing warmth over the surface of an expanse of tan, staining Dream mulberry and garnet red where his own eyes couldn't see—but the prying gaze of strangers beyond his own front door could, would be able to catch the splotches of discolored skin where they stained him to sin, and it took everything within Dream not to think about how much that enticed him.

Instead, he distracted himself with the warmth of George's body under his palms. How he *finally* had the boy of his wildest fantasies right where he wanted him, with spread legs in his lap and lips on his neck. If he woke up wrapped in his comforter within the next five minutes, he wouldn't have it in him to be surprised—this might as well be his wet fucking dreams.

“Wanna see you,” he whispered in plea, finding another curl of ebon laughter spilled against his bitten neck.

George pulls away from where he'd hidden his face, a grin etched permanent on his pretty lips and scoring the hidden parts of Dream's skin with the same blazing honesty. He can feel the bite of teeth going unclenched, air between pearl and grinning lips streaming crimson through sputtered breath.

“You wanna see me?” George taunts, and he bounces, fucking *bounces* in Dream's lap when he says it. “See what?”

Dream nearly loses his breath for a moment, hands tightening in their grip below George's waist and stimulation running clear and distracting toward his head. Two hands grip at his broad shoulders, hips rolling down against his too-hard cock where it strains against the fabric of his boxers. He knows that George can see just how desperate he is, and the image of the brunet's tented skirt presented before him isn't doing anything to help.

“Your cock,” he requests in stained breath. “Please.”

There was another crawl of arrogant laughter, tasting just as bitter as it did sweet where the sound managed to find the tip of Dream's tongue. But those pretty Renaissance hands left Dream's shoulders anyway, a devilish grin to match the coil of serpentine fingers as they slipped under the hem of his skirt.

Instinctively, Dream pulled his hands away. Though he could still feel the warmth of George's body where he hovered above him, his palms were laid more effectively in a cover of his own grey-shielded knees, eyes fallen below George's waist in wait for him to move.

And when he finally *did* move, Dream had to swallow all the stupid things he could've said. There was George's cock, hard and flushed and peeking out from the dark of the skirt caught between dainty fingertips, demanding every last ounce of Dream's attention without any space to falter.

Because not only was it George, and not only was he hard and terribly enticing, but he was *big*, bigger than Dream had imagined or thought or dreamed of. It was almost frightening—it almost didn't make sense—but Dream would be lying if he said he didn't fucking *want it*.

He'd already wanted it without even having to see anything, desperate for George to have his way

with him and touch him however he pleased. But when his cock was all hard and out in the open, unhidden and fucking *massive*, he wanted nothing more than to have it in inside him.

“You fit *all that* under a,” he stumbled, words lost to vicious grins and drooling venom, “under a tiny fucking skirt?”

George shrugged like it was nothing, and when he dropped his skirt from between his slipping fingers again the cloud of dark fabric didn’t bother to contain him anymore. Really, it had always been a sorry excuse for cover, but when Dream could still see hints of his pathetically hard cock from behind flowing cotton, he was about ready to lose his mind.

“You seem to like it.”

Dream couldn’t make a defense, because he was right; he *did* like it. Perhaps far more than he was willing to admit, with straining arousal that stretched all the way to the tips of his fingers with stained red intent. And he could feel it pulse brighter when George dove in to kiss him again, lips moving with blossomed urgency and the same horned sin that lived between his teeth.

There was nothing to do except take it. Take it when George’s tongue dipped past his lips and consumed him, take it when that tilted pink pressed at the backs of his teeth and dug into every last corner of his mouth whether it was reachable or not. Dream let his mouth gape open, let his tongue glide up against George’s when he didn’t know what else to do, let the taste of sin and matching colors take his wrists with stained silver intent.

He could feel himself getting more and more desperate, pinned beneath George and only rising in need for *something*. He may have taken anything at that point, from those marble hands back on his cock to the mouth biting his to lay anywhere else on him. He would’ve taken the simplicity that was skin on skin contact, when they would both strip themselves of shirts and let their chests press together until the burn he tasted off George’s tongue could be felt rolling off the flat of his stomach.

But he couldn’t just *ask* for more. Not when he was already getting greedy with the path his hands were taking, when they were sliding over the fronts of exposed thighs and catching under red stockings before they took hold of an achingly hard cock. Not when he was lifting his hips up off the couch in desperation, hoping that George would get the hint in silence and indulge all his selfish fantasies.

Really, he just wanted to lay there and be taken from. Though he loved the way his palms felt gliding over George’s cock, falling to the curve of it and moving with enough grip and intent to drag moans past those pretty pink lips, he really lived to be pleased more than he lived to please. And if there was arrogance in that fact then Dream couldn’t find it in him to care, because he wished to be laid against the sheets of a bedroom lit dimly by the moon and taken until his voice runs raw over his best friend’s name.

“Touch me,” he pleads, relenting, “touch me.”

It’s breathy and desperate and so, *so* pretty, and George can’t do anything but listen. He takes one hand back to the grip around Dream’s cock and runs the other up his shirt, coasting along hot skin where it burns enough to make his fingers curl, hasty fingertips circling pointed nipples in repetition. Dream moans into George’s mouth, fingers tightening around the base of his clothed cock, and he once again lifts his hips up off the couch to spur him on.

He can feel the arrogance in drip off George’s poison tongue, forked and never hidden behind his searing teeth, still caught in Dream’s mouth and catching against the pink of his. He knows what

he's doing to him—how desperate he's made Dream feel—and there's a raging sense of pride that trills beyond the simple tangle of his veins.

"Eager," George taunts, tongue flicking over the part in Dream's lips just to watch his eyelids flutter. "What is it you're so desperate for?"

Dream whines a bit, a short noise that barely stumbles through the gaps in his teeth. The hand he has on George has fallen still, wrist limp and fingers loose in a sorry excuse for a hold on the brunet's cock, and the only thing he can give to make up for it is pleading eyes and strawberry cheeks.

George looks particularly satisfied, grinning lips and deft fingers still making a grip on Dream, essentially *dragging* the word of an answer up and out of his throat.

"You."

It sounds higher-pitched than the voice Dream had come to know as his own. Though it's certainly not the first time he's heard his voice in such an incriminating state, he can still feel startled by the patheticism in his own tone—it spins sickly pink, half-swallowed by the lips still left so close to his and grinning with shadowed cockiness.

"Me?" George questioned, a single eyebrow raised in emphasis. At the affirming hum on sugar-sweet lips, George laughed again. "I'm gonna need more than that, Dream."

Another whimper escaped him, and Dream could feel his patience waning. Like phases of the moon in retreat, he grew smaller and smaller until he was paper thin, stuck under the onslaught of George's fingertips and the razor-sharp grin on his pretty face. It was enough to cut him ribboned and bloody, but instead, he whimpered into himself when teeth dug into apricot flesh.

"I want you," he admitted, simple until his tongue curled with elaboration, "to do whatever you want to me."

George's eyebrows raised, and though the rest of his face seemed to ignore it, Dream couldn't miss the stain of pink on his cheeks. Blush was painfully visible when tinting skin so pale, and even if fluster didn't get rid of cheek-splitting smirks or fiery eyes that held sparks in every corner, Dream could find solace in the rose petals under his cheekbones.

"Whatever I want?" George prodded, earning a quiet nod from Dream in acknowledgment.

"Anything," he promised. "You can have me."

George seemed enticed by the idea, dark eyes pitching closer to coal when he leaned in for just a moment longer of locked lips. And in those fleeting seconds, Dream could taste the world in gasping sin through the cracks in George's lips, and the wicked mouth attached to the boy of his most unholy thoughts was pulling away at the same time he split his lips open.

"My bedroom or yours?" George asked, and it felt like a secret in the way it was whispered with fanning breath.

It gave Dream exactly one moment of pause. The option he was presented with felt weighted, and he thought of the bed at the center of his own room and the one in the space that had once been reserved for guests. The mess of tangled sheets spread over two different mattresses, curling with scents of two different people and the messy sleep schedules they'd come to know as normal.

He thought about his own sheets, and the way they smelled of him but could smell of George, and

how his head in the pillow could be a ruined thought for himself every night when he went to sleep. How the simplest memories of lying awake on dark nights when all he could think was *George, George, George* could be erased in favor of the pitch of his own voice ricocheting off the walls in the same unfriendly syllable.

So really, the answer came easy. It was escaping his lungs in a rush of air, spilled over waiting lips and venomous tongues like the strike of a poison-tipped arrow.

“Mine,” he panted, and he’d never been so sure of an answer in his entire life. “Please, mine.”

George laughed like he knew the exact reason, and maybe he did; Dream had only ever been see-through and predictable, why would this feel any different? Or perhaps it was just that George had gotten so good at reading him in everything, predicting the way he thought before the words could rush through his mind and chasing every answer on his lips.

No matter what George was thinking, he was pulling Dream up off the couch by a hand around his wrist, fingers curling and not letting go until they were all but stumbling down the hall and through the slightly ajar door to Dream’s bedroom. A room left so dark and jaded, lit by nothing but the streaks of an argent moon where they spilled across the floorboards.

Fingers slipped off his wrist when a door was shut tight. George looked up at him expectantly, skirt still tented by the weight of his cock where it stood erect and promising. Dream stood useless and still, feet caving in under the weight of his desperate body, floorboards thin enough to feel like they were splitting at the seams despite remaining perfectly intact.

Pale feet moved with feather-lightness over those same willful floorboards, practically a tip-toe in approach until those pale hands were curled around the hem of Dream’s shirt. The blond was half-ready to lift his arms up above his head and let George strip him bare, but the former made no moves to take anything off. He only tugged at the fabric caught between his fingers, pulling it taut over Dream’s shoulders before he let go completely.

“Strip,” George demanded, a word of naughty implication that trailed so pretty over the pink of his tongue. “And get on the bed.”

Dream’s own calloused hands filled the space where George had left him, tearing flimsy white t-shirts up and over his head to leave his chest bare and unmarked, staring eye-level at George with all the thoughts he couldn’t think. And his sweatpants followed quickly after, but not without the hesitation of someone being watched so intently by the prettiest boy in the world. Though it was mere moments later when boxers were lost to the hardwood floor and kicked away someplace unseen, leaving Dream to stand bare and desperate under George’s watchful eye.

He could feel that attentive gaze everywhere on him, rolling down the front of his body and taking in every last piece of him. Dream’s fists clenched and unclenched at his sides, blunt nails momentarily digging into the flesh of his palms only to retract just as soon as they’d arrived.

And he couldn’t mistake the way George’s eyes lingered on the hardness of his cock, expression wicked by nature when surely, *surely* he didn’t miss the way he was already leaking precum in drips, enough that it had left the inside of boxers stained and slightly damp where they now laid across the floor.

But George was crowding him before he could think any longer about judgement over desperacy, growing closer and closer still to his body until the backs of his legs were knocking against the bed. Those moon-rock hands spread in tones over the front of his chest, pushing him down, down, down until he was collapsing back-first onto the mattress. It bounced slightly beneath Dream’s

weight, left him staring up at invisible constellations on his moonlit ceiling until George's hands were raking up the fronts of his legs.

"I want you to listen to me, *slut*."

With the nickname echoing at every edge of Dream's bones, he managed a feeble nod. The high, whiny sound that escaped from his tightening throat could be regarded as agreement, but even Dream found that to be a tad bit pathetic.

"Lay down properly for me," he commanded, slapping a hand firmly against the side of Dream's thigh. "On your back."

It didn't take anything more than that for Dream to oblige. He was practically scrambling to assume the position requested of him, with his head fallen gracefully against the pillows and legs spread out in front of him. George found a way to him within seconds, crawling up the length of Dream's body until he was seated firmly in his lap, hands dragging up the surface of his skin and taking trails of sparks everywhere with them.

He looked sated, lips slightly pursed and eyes lidded where his pupils had gone dark and swollen, but his gaze still tore holes in every last inch of anything exposed, careful hickeys blossoming on near-hidden sides of sloping necks and finger-shaped divots asserting themselves on a trim waist.

George leaned down for a moment to lave his tongue over Dream's nipple, tasting the sweat of his skin and aching to feel the ripple of his chest beneath a wet tongue when the sensation came as a surprise. He squirmed beneath George's grip, under the clawing hands that took hold of his waist, under the light graze of teeth where they dragged over sensitive flesh.

As requested, George was doing as he pleased with him. Trailing fingers nails-first down the slopes of his body, carving into the dips in his devotion-clouded self with sinful intent, letting the drips of scarlet that sept from the hidden parts of him to stain Dream ever-glowing until all he could feel was sinful.

Those hands with a mind of their own, they crawled their way back to grip at Dream's ass. Blazing palms pulled him up off the mattress, waist lifting in a way that bumped him against George's body, but neither of them complained through gasping breaths and the detachment of George's lips from Dream's chest. His mouth left a wet-hot trail of spit in its wake, slick and shining under the silver of the moon's light, and it took everything in Dream to not split his lips open and beg for him to do it again.

"Can I sit on your face?"

George's voice spilled out in one breath, fanning heat over the stray gloss of spit laved over Dream's nipple, and it sent a shiver running up Dream's spine at the mere thought of it. Of George, *George*, of red-clad thighs bracketing his head and the taste of him on his tongue. It was enough to make his head spin, eyelashes fluttering over a rapt verdant gaze when all the breath spilled through the calloused gaps in his ribcage.

He wanted that. *Oh*, he wanted that. It would leave George with all the control he so desperately wanted to give him, would pin Dream to the mattress just as helpless and desperate as he was right then, smothered and hopeless beneath something so pretty. Perhaps he wanted it more than anything.

But he couldn't bring himself to admit that, not with the echo of his own voice off the flats of his bedroom walls or the way it would all come back to his ears. The inevitability of being haunted by

his own pathetic requests, spilling through his skull in a ricochet that would feel like a symphony of mockery no matter how much it made George feel.

Instead, he settled on a simple "*please*," and it still made the soul in George's eyes spread.

A hasty kiss was left on Dream's barely-parted lips, ending just as quickly as it started. But he could still feel the tang of red on the tip of his tongue, cast onto him with the same bite as ivory teeth, though pastel canines remained sealed behind soft lips. The withdrawal left Dream chasing things he'd only just lost, head lifting up from his pillows at the same time George pulled away, but nothing more came of it than a snide grin from the boy hovered above him.

"Needy," George huffed, and he was sitting up straight on his knees.

The cropped red hoodie he'd been wearing was pulled off, exposing the once carefully covered parts of him in all their alabaster glory. It was all just as pretty as the rest of George, a glide of smooth marble pulled taut over ivory bones until he was forged to nothing less than a well-worshipped statue.

His back arched when he sat up on his knees, body turning to face away from Dream before he slid his body into place. Legs were already swallowing the space around Dream's head, hands pushed into the flesh of his pecs and digging with the heels of straining palms. Large hands lifted to catch thighs where they laid so close, digging into the pearl above pretty carmine stockings and molding flesh under a vice-tight grip.

George's breath caught momentarily, and he gave a similar grip to the flesh of Dream's pecs. Moments dragged on for longer than they needed to, the air pulled taut in the minimal space between them, and Dream could barely fathom the way he was *staring up George's skirt*, because that might as well have been a thing from his sickest imaginings.

But he was lowering himself, sinking down, down, *down* until Dream could feel him on his face, already gasping under the pressure—it wasn't like anything he'd ever felt before, and though he knew half of George's weight was still caught in his thighs, it still felt like he was being smothered.

And he *really fucking* liked it.

George wasted no time to start rocking back and forth, tiny little movements that Dream could feel across his face and tongue when he lolled it out to glide against skin. He knew it felt good when he caught the stutter in George's breath, a matching falter to his hips coming in tandem with the strictly carmine sound. Those pretty pale hands clenched tighter around pleading flesh, hips rolling down against a pink tongue until it was catching on the rim.

In all honesty, Dream wasn't entirely sure what to do with himself. And though it *was* what he loved the most—being completely at the mercy of another—he couldn't help but wonder if the slow roll of his tongue in the midst of George's oscillating hips was enough stimulation. Shuddered breaths and quiet moans were enough to urge him that it was, gasping reactions to the way his fingers would dig into pretty pale thighs and pull down harder against him.

George made a high-pitched noise that sounded almost as desperate as Dream did, a wet tongue splitting him open and forcing pause into his movement. But he picked up soon enough, and if anything, he moved with greater intent—the urge of those uselessly strong hands in guide of his hips made him fearless, and Dream was more than happy to lay spread out on his own bed and take it.

“Is this what you like, pretty boy?” George taunted, and the first thing Dream let himself get hung up on was the fact that he’d been called *pretty boy*.

If anything, that name felt better suited for George. And his responding whimper was an attempt to convey that, though any thoughts on the flat of his tongue were lost to the creases in George’s skin. Heavy implication still painted him ruby red, gliding down his body until desperate sounds hit the tops of his thigh-high socks in matching sinful shade.

Another rock of his hips pushed George down against Dream’s face, muffling the breath that escaped his nose and wracked the space between them with unruly huff.

“You like being helpless?” A lone finger circled Dream’s nipple, pathetically light in a drag of dirty scarlet red. *“Whore.”*

Desperate noises nestled themselves into pale skin, hips rocking in dragged-out slowness that could only make Dream melt more and more into the sheets. He could feel himself pooling—perhaps in stark viridian contrast to the seeping vermillion that drooled through George’s every twisting move—unwinding into a mess beneath the weight of George above his face and the press of flattened palms against his chest.

Two fingers pinched his nipple in a tease, rippling laughter cutting their complementary colors in two when it stained the world jet. Dream mewled, pushing his face up into George’s body and taking the mild swallow of his entire existence. The press of legs around his head, the taste of sweat and skin where it stained his tongue in a crawl.

Those fingers—the ones unlike a piece of art left to a long-dead man—were digging into curling alabaster, gathering flesh beneath pulled-taut tension and forcing their tangle into being something strictly *theirs*. The way Dream lost his breath in every imaginable way was a feeling unique to the brunet pitted above him, with those hands that clawed him apart in ferocity akin to a predator and prey.

“You do,” George emphasized, the carmine seethe that was words through his teeth stinging bitter on the wordless tongue splitting him apart in all the right places. “What a *slut*—” gasping breaths interrupted him when pink muscle twisted, “—getting off on being used.”

And Dream had no use in denying himself. Not when George could look through the cover of his heavy lashes and see the way his cock was dripping against his stomach, not when he could watch toes curl against sheets and feel the way desperation was panted so deftly into the sheltered intimacy of his own commanding body. He was a spread-out display of something strictly wanton, not a stranger to himself but perhaps unknown to the man above him—and he could explain it all in words or he could lick into George with all the bite of ungrounding.

He *did* get off on being used. And when George was fucking *bouncing* on top of him like his tongue was longer and thicker and standing with more arousal than self-preservation, he couldn’t draw into himself and pretend to be anything but a doll caught by sin in the sheets.

George existed with the confidence of someone who’d done this before, with his skirt caught between fingers and his weight held more in the muscles of his thighs than properly on top of Dream’s face. It was only just enough pressure for the sweet suffocation, the pinker parts of dimming lust and something so dirty and sinful that Dream could feel all the scarlet between his ribs.

He grinded down against Dream’s tongue, playful retort hidden in the breath spilling from his tongue in pretty drool. Thumbs slipped under the tight hems of thigh-high stockings, pearled

alabaster gathered beneath all the other fingers in a tightness that could only be described as *heavenly*.

Dream could get drunk and dizzy and all the wrong kinds of intoxicated off the way George had him hovered right under his finger, caught and spellbound by the tangle of his fingers and the way his arousal manifests in intimidation and shuddered breath. Like the shades of cranberry red that hug George's legs and stain Dream's neck, a captivating wrap of sin and fantasy that keeps Dream at the same edge he lived on when he couldn't predict the clothes that would hug George's slim body.

He can't help but be completely enthralled. He can't help but fall victim to another version of the boy he can't unsee in a way he's never witnessed, where he's confident and surefire and devilish in the way he exists. He can't help but pay so much attention that he notices when the edge draws nearer in the buck of George's hips.

"Dream," he says quickly, shortly, and without the same commanding lead as before. "*Dream.*"

George everything but falls forward, palms colliding with Dream's stomach. It's enough force to punch the air out of his lungs, heavy pants filling the air from the spread of two separate mouths. For a moment, there's no other sound in the room—nothing but their stutter, nothing but their feeble attempts to catch lost breath and find ground to stand on in the room again.

When George finds it in him to readjust, he seats himself back in Dream's lap. Those red-clad thighs bracket his waist now, pale chest heaving and exposed with a sheen of arousal-stained sweat, and Dream can still taste the way George had owned him off the tip of his tongue, like salt and sweat and skin.

Now, George stares down at him with all the intimidation he'd rolled his hips with, and Dream is faced with all his greatest weaknesses: George in a skirt, the mess that is dark hair appearing darker and ruined under the dim light of the moon, the way his cock can't be contained by the fabric hanging loose in front of it.

"Dream," George says again, and it only sounds a touch more composed than it did before. "Do you want me to fuck you?"

Spit ran thick and heavy down the back of Dream's throat. In essence, the answer was easy: *yes*. He could've said it was all he'd been dreaming about and it would've felt like the truth, a neatly carved fantasy in the way George's cock would feel pounding into him without relent.

It wasn't like he'd had that exact twisted daydream when it was his own three fingers reaching as deep inside of himself as he could imagine. Not the curve of George's name on his tongue when he comes so hard he sees stars, not the lonesome of this exact bed and the scent of his own cologne in the sheets when he wishes it wasn't so strictly *him*.

Everything feels complicated when it's like something was bound to happen. And, in hindsight, perhaps Dream could've predicted this exact predicament; where he's pressed down against the mattress, wide-eyed and three steps from clueless, and George stares down at him with bitten lips and expectation on his face like he *knows* that all these things were once reserved to be nothing but thoughts.

"Yes please."

Because he cannot articulate the full truth without humiliating himself.

George only mutters an affirmative, crawling around Dream and across the mattress until his fingers are curling around the knob of his bedside drawer. And it's a little too late that realization settles on the canvas that makes up Dream's body, wide eyes going wider and ice pulling straight at his spine when he can't sit up quick enough to stop anything.

Fingers still caught in circles around a slim wrist, not fast enough or strong enough to quiet the discovery already pulsing in George's pupils. Because his eyes were open, and so was the drawer, and Dream couldn't calm his breath enough or quell the burning red on his face well enough to put up a facade before his embarrassment.

"Dream," and it sounds more accusatory than it ever has before, "what is *that*?"

It feels naughty, because it is. And Dream knows that George is looking at the *stupid* plug he forgot he kept in his drawer, sitting where he thought it would be safe right next to a half-empty bottle of lube, tantalizing and overused in ways George couldn't even begin to know.

But he wasn't going to admit to anything, letting dirty implications burn a hole through the front of his chest. And he dropped his gaze to where the sheets were bunching under George's knee like that would make it all go away, take away the wicked laugh brimming pink lips and those wandering eyes that couldn't pick between his patheticism and the silver of his fucking sex toy.

And at first, George didn't say anything. He only picked up the bottle of lube that he'd been looking for, closing the offending drawer with the push of two fingers and withdrawing himself back in front of Dream. It wasn't until he'd settled himself between two spreading thighs that he opened his mouth again, the fingers of his free hand curling under the hem of his skirt with carmine invitation.

"I'm way bigger than that thing, you know."

It was a tease—an unnecessary one at that, because Dream could fucking *see that*—but it was still enough to roll a shiver up the blond's arching spine. When those spreading fingers flicked at the hem of his skirt with all the sin of a horn-clad beast, Dream nearly lost the rest of his mind. It caught and held his breath at the center of his throat, leaving George with the spread of victory on his grinning lips because *he'd made Dream act like that*.

Maybe Dream could feel a little victorious, too, when it was *him* who'd even managed to make George that hard to begin with.

"I never said you weren't," he attempted to argue, though every word came out strained and breathless because *that's what he was*.

And it wasn't that George was *ignoring* him, it was just that the click of the lube bottle's cap was more interesting and that coal black could wrap around wrists like shackles when it tumbled past lips in the smoke curls of laughter. It was that his slicked fingers were more than words could say, and Dream's legs were spreading without being asked to because he wanted it so bad.

Even if it had only been a matter of days since he'd last done this to himself, it may as well have been forever when George knew how to tease him so well. Like nothing more than the lightest touch at the space between his legs, cold enough to make Dream jolt but not moving any further beyond his rim.

"It's honestly kind of pathetic," George quipped, and it took a moment of narrowed eyes and lust-filled pauses for Dream to understand what he was talking about.

“It’s a toy,” he answered, only rendered *more* breathless now that the tip of a finger was nearly inside of him. “You’re real.”

There were more words than that, hidden between the lines he spoke. Like that even if he *had* pretended to be at George’s mercy when he’d shoved that stupid plug inside him, that it could never compare to the real thing; what he had in front of him now, what he was *so close* to having in all the ways he wanted it.

“Well, lucky you, huh?” George taunted, unslicked hand catching around Dream’s waist with biting force. “If I had known how desperate you were to have something shoved up your ass,” he sank his index finger into Dream, “I would’ve fucked you a long time ago.”

The first thing Dream could think was *finally*, eyes flicking up into his head for a moment when George sank deeper, deeper, deeper into him with the twist of that single finger. It was always with the intent to stretch, time not worth wasting when it was all drawing so close to the only thing Dream had been fantasizing about—perhaps what had haunted George’s dreams, too.

A hand wraps around Dream’s thigh, forcing the bend of his knee when his leg is pushed backward into his chest. He’s already far too willing to assume whatever position George tries to push him in, bending to the brunet’s will as long as it keeps the finger twisting deep inside of him. He fucks him on that one finger like his life depends on it, clearly showing no aversion to speed or ferocity when he bends his knuckles and makes Dream *feel*.

George leans over, pushing Dream’s knee to bend further with the curve of his back. And he stays in a hover over one of Dream’s ears, close enough to spill red over the top of his bruising neck. Breaths feel in sync with the pump of his curling finger, perhaps deliberate or perhaps absentminded, but either way it makes Dream’s head spin.

“You know,” George starts, the tip of a second finger brushing against Dream’s rim, “you were pretty good with your tongue.”

Dream’s breath stutters, and it’s both from the tips of two fingers pushing inside of him and the sound of George’s words. When he’s close enough to hear the way his tongue sticks to the backs of his teeth, close enough to taste the red that lingers in the cracks of his lips, Dream can’t help but falter more than he would’ve if they weren’t so close.

Fingertips dig into the muscle of his thigh with the expectation of an answer. Through hitching breath, Dream spells out his disbelief, stained and unrelenting.

“Was I?”

George doesn’t hesitate to thrust those two lube-slicked fingers, pushing in as deep as they can go and with enough force to leave Dream mewling. It tosses his head back in a spill of golden hair against white sheets, a rather pathetic sound being punched out of him when there wasn’t enough time to hide it under himself.

“Yeah,” George emphasizes, urgent before anything. “Fuck yeah.”

A whimper dares to escape Dream, thigh shaking under the fierce grip of a single hand as he clenches down around those fingers that try to spread. George latches himself onto the side of a tanned neck while he works the blond open, scissoring his fingers in a tantalizing stretch that only produces more noises in the taste of pastel carmine.

He sucks on the lingering bruises left already, teeth dragging against tender-going skin without the

halt of consideration. But there's a warm tongue to lick all the divots left behind to paling pink, wounding lips shifting forward until it lingers on the front and most visible part of Dream's throat—though visibility doesn't stand as a reason to hesitate.

Fingers lace through dark hair, pulling George's head closer and more into his neck when he doesn't bite hard enough. He wonders if his pulse is tangible—pounding under the drag of George's lips and teeth and tongue where it sits in the veins in his neck—because there's something about the moment that has George groaning, dull vibrations in a hum against Dream's neck.

"George," he pleads, and he doesn't even know what he's begging for just yet. "George, *please*."

Tongues lick up the forming bruises on the front of Dream's neck, wordless when two fingers split him open without mercy. A third is already pushing at his rim, promising the finality of bending fingertips and practiced spread. Because even if George feels like a *god* with his fingers, even if they're better-feeling and more desirable than Dream's own, there is nothing he wants more than the brunet's cock.

Which he can still see, uncontained by the dark fabric of his skirt where it flows out from his waist. Dream wants it more than anything else, and in the moment, he feels far too willing to beg until his voice goes raw just to get that thing inside of him.

And beg he does.

"Please," because simplicity feels logical, "George, *please*, I can take it, *I can take it*."

He's still not sure what it is he's pleading for, not sure what *it* is in the moment the word rolls off his tongue. All he knows is that two fingers isn't enough no matter how far George manages to spread them, knows that he's desperate for more, more of George, more of *this*, more of the way being full feels because it's something he's missed so pitifully.

"Take *what*?" George teases, and it feels more targeted than the wicked smirk on his lips. "Another finger?" he scoffs, "I fucking hope you can."

It's the implication of more to come after a third finger that has Dream whining before that digit has even slipped inside of him, bringing a crescendo to his desperate noises. And there's no time for gentle fondness, only the harshness of three-fingered thrusts that punch a moan out of Dream on every downstroke, a grin that exposes rows of teeth that seem to multiply under the watch of emerald green.

"You want my cock?" George teases, emphasizing his words with a particularly harsh thrust.
"Yeah?"

It takes everything within Dream to get the words out between his desperate noises, eyelids fluttering when he can barely focus on the ceiling.

"So bad," he manages, thrusts slowing for a moment when pity is taken on him. "Please, George, I need it."

A scoff pierces through the air, ripping into Dream's skin the same way a knife blade does to sun-warmed butter. The motion of George's fingers comes to a complete stop, nothing more than a warm intrusion for the time it takes to have ivory teeth sinking into the plush of his bottom lip.

"Need, huh?" George reiterates in place of Dream's whiny voice, a sick laugh falling over parted lips in the same time his fingers begin to move again. "Desperate whore."

It's only a fleeting, few more thrusts, just enough to make Dream's eyes flick again. It's barely anything before withdrawal is taken, slicked fingers pulling away and leaving Dream cold and empty and whimpering, the whole display pathetic enough to make George laugh at him again. He feels small again, and maybe this time, what George hides under his skirt can serve as rightful justification for that.

And despite knowing how near he is to all the things that once lived nowhere but his head, Dream can't help his impatience. In a desperate write on the bed, Dream drags out another whimper. Even he can feel the drama in his high-pitched tone, and though he can't see the look on his face, he can assume it mirrors the carmine that swims through his body.

"Please," he begs in a whisper, voice nearly as small as he feels when George picks up the bottle of lube again. *"Hurry."*

George is still grinning—of course he is—beaming with arrogance and purely devilish, a different shade of red to the desperacy painted in broad strokes across Dream's chest. They match, but they are not the same, and Dream is writhing while those hands glide across the length of a leaking cock in chase of shuddered breaths. The slick sound of lube on skin is deft enough to hear, sickly lewd but oh-so-tantalizing in essence, and it takes every last ounce of self-preservation that Dream still holds onto not to start begging again.

He swallows another slew of desperate words, thick and heavy when they hit the back of his throat. Instead, he focused on the glide of George's hand over his too-big cock; as if that won't only serve to make him more desperate, as if it won't imbue him with deeper shades of red and glistening lust.

The hand not on his cock is holding up the hem of his skirt, keeping it out of the way by a hand held up close to his chest. And Dream can't help but be enthralled by both wraps of fingers, watching so intently as shuddered breaths spill through bitten lips and a pretty flush of red dares to spread over those well-cut cheekbones.

"George," Dream whispers.

Perhaps it feels like a secret because he hadn't meant to say it at all.

"Patience," George urges, and the carmine look in his eyes tells Dream he's not done, *"whore."*

Every time he says it Dream swears the curl of his pretty accent over the word hits him better, striking in all the right places with all the right amounts of scarlet. He can feel it everywhere in him now, from the tingling tips of his fingers to where his toes curl into the sheets. Knees bend over shades of strawberry cruelty, thighs spread in hasty silence that can no longer be managed.

Not when the head of George's cock is finally, *finally* pressing up against Dream's hole. When he can feel the cold slickness of lube and all the hidden undertones that come with lidded eyes and held-up skirts. Pale hands look beautiful against the slope of black fabric that dangles from their hold, though they look sinful in a wrap around the base of a thick cock.

"George," Dream huffs, and he never knew a name could feel so much like a plea on its own.

Even still, George doesn't seem to get it. Or maybe he does, and he only wishes to be a tease—the glint in his eyes and the sliver of teeth from behind cut lips suggests it's the latter, and Dream can't be too annoyed when he looks *that* good.

"Ready?"

He asks the question like it's not all Dream has been begging for. Raises an eyebrow when he

waits for an answer through panting lips, tongues holding heavy against bottom lips and eyes wide enough to drown in.

"George."

A curl of laughter spills off the edge of George's lips. Dream knows that he was only toying with him, and really, he never should've been surprised; George seems to have a penchant for toying with him, and there's no reason why the head of his cock slipping past Dream's rim would serve to change that.

And he sinks in, lets himself be swallowed as Dream begs in silence to be filled, imploration living everywhere from the center of glossy verdant eyes to the burning rose blush on his cheeks. Perhaps his spreading legs are greater encouragement, knees bent up toward his chest with hands fallen uselessly against the mattress.

He wishes to take, and take, and *take*. George wishes to give. So it works out in a not-so-equal exchange that feels desirable anyways, from the way George sinks in down to the hilt with enough cock to fill Dream to breathlessness to how quick tan hands are to make fists around nothing but ruby-tinted air.

They both take a gasping breath when George gets all the way in. Dream is both lost to the concept of patience and in need of a moment to adjust, stuffed full beyond comparison and trying so hastily to catch all the breath escaping him. Lungs feel hollow and empty where ribs stabbed them open, gouging holes within himself that leave every shade of red in a bitter state of disrepair.

He wants more. But George remains still, two hands caught around Dream's waist and rubbing the smallest, slowest circles into the divots in his skin.

"Move," Dream begs when he can't take the stillness anymore, "please."

Though his voice has never sounded so strained, George doesn't have a word to say about it. Only the tightness of his fingers and the stutter of his hips, starting off slow and not-quite-gentle when he fucks Dream like he was made to be worshipped. Even then, Dream knows it's short-lived, and he can resort to the crawling feeling of ruby against his skin until George finds it in himself to pick up the pace.

He moves with more deliberacy than speed, a room full of lewd sounds that can only be spurred on by themselves. Heaving breaths on sin-coated lips, the collide of skin with skin, the slickness of lube that seeps in excess around the edges and stains the sheets below them dark and filthy.

"You're so big," Dream says in hush, and something so obvious has never felt so much like a secret. "Fuck."

Despite the low presence of strain in his voice, George still manages to laugh. And despite how dark his eyes have gone and how messy his hair looks under the guise of argent moonlight, it still seeps with ebon.

"Am I?" he taunts, not struggling to speak nearly as much as Dream is. "You like it, baby," he grins with all the arrogance he deserves, "you like how big I am."

Yes, Yes, Yes. Dream cries in the silence of his own head. His tongue is too heavy to articulate and George is picking up the pace, getting harsher and faster and more deliberate with every motion.

He wants Dream to feel him *everywhere*, sore enough to ache for days and nights and for enough

minutes to relive every breath of this. From when he was acting pathetic on the couch to when he melted into the bedsheets, unable to sleep without visions of being fucked into the mattress plaguing his mind.

Dream wants that, too. It's spelled out on his skin in dirty carmine ink, words that write themselves in the easiest places to see. Perhaps it looks nice against the mulberry stain on his neck, a pretty amethyst necklace in place that reminds George of all the ways he owns the blond. Even without labels or official promises, he *owns* Dream, because it's *him* at his mercy and *his* cries that ricochet off the bedroom walls.

"Fuck," George curses under his breath, and thrusts slow to a near-stop for just long enough to make Dream whimper.

In the end, that's what makes George stop completely. The twisted look on Dream's face that feels impossible to forget, red-stained and almost as pathetic as his empty palms. But it halts him, draws a hand away from the slim waist he'd had them wrapped around, and he's lifting the hem of his skirt up and to his mouth until it's fabric held between rows of biting teeth.

Dream has let himself indulge in a lot of different fantastical versions of this moment, probably too many for him to count. And somehow, he never managed to find *this* in his cache of naughty introjections, where George is returning to the pace he'd abandoned with the hem of his skirt between his teeth.

He manages to smirk around it, arrogant and fiery. It's like he *knows* how good he looks, and maybe he does—Dream couldn't have put it past him. He thinks George is pathetically hot, and the way he's fucking him fast again as if he'd never even stopped is enough to back that thought up tenfold.

Hands on his waist with the promise of fingertip-shaped bruises, a grip doesn't let up when Dream cries out George's name at the ceiling. It's the darkest corner of hell that manages to feel so much like heaven, with hot boys in pretty skirts and grinning lips that don't know when to fall flat.

"Pretty little whore," George mocks, tongue flicking at the hem of his skirt when he talks without unclenching his teeth. "My pretty little whore."

It's the possessive that makes Dream whimper, the mix of degradation and praise all placed on him with enough confidence to make him shatter. He's never been made of glass, but if anyone was ever going to break him, *ruin* him, make him irreparable and untouchable for all other people, it was going to be George.

It couldn't have been anyone else.

"Yours," Dream reiterates, a single word managing to sound so sick and punched out of him that even he can barely recognize it. "Yours."

But a smirk curls over George's lips, the ones still grazing against the roughness of black cotton fabric. He grins with his teeth that still hold so tight, a waistline set high enough to expose the pale licks of his stomach above his cock where it disappears inside of Dream.

"My what?" he prods, and Dream whimpers again.

It would be impossible to not know what he wants, and Dream would be stupid to feign ignorance.

"Your—" he falters when George reangles his thrusts, "your pretty little whore—*right there!*"

Encouragement serves a purpose, and George fucks him harder and faster until the only thing either of them can see is stars. A promised moon of silver that sticks to them through the glass of bedroom windows, shining the teeth that dig into skirt fabric brighter than they are and staining mulberry skin ethereal.

George can't help but abuse Dream's prostate now that he's found it, not letting a single thrust go without touching it until Dream is everything but *sobbing* on his cock, strangled in all the wrong places and left to his desired state of useless when he's spread-out on the mattress.

They drip red into each other through the tangle of their legs, through where they meet in the middle and George fucks like he doesn't know how to do anything but.

Release was always inevitable, and Dream can feel himself getting closer and closer to the edge with the way his muscles tighten up and his vision goes white around the edges. Breath nearly stops in his chest, and warnings get choked on and sputtered over before they ever make it out into the air.

““M close,” Dream whimpers. “*George*, I’m so close.”

It almost feels like he's asking for permission, pleading eyes that can barely see looking for confirmation in George's face before he makes a mess of himself. And for once, perhaps, George isn't feeling as cruel as he could be, and all the scarlet tease that had once lived on his tongue dissipates, even if just for the night.

“Cum for me, whore,” and his encouragement has never felt so twisted, but Dream finds it just as hot as the skirt between his teeth. “Make a mess of yourself on nothing but my cock,” with a particularly harsh thrust, Dream's vision goes white, “cum on my cock like a *slut*.”

So Dream does exactly that, and he paints his stomach white with release to match the alabaster in his eyes. His voice gets stuck over a syllable that sounds a lot like George's name, cried out when he can't help but think of the only person he belongs to when his cock fills him up so well.

And it's the sight of Dream finishing that pushes George over the edge, motions falling erratic for a moment until he's coming harder than he ever has in his life. His mouth falls open instinctively, roughed-up sounds tumbling past his lips with the hem of his skirt, and he finishes inside of Dream with all the silent implications of *claim*.

It feels just like all of Dream's fantasies. Even the ones where they aren't in the bedroom at all, and he's bent over the counter or the armrest of the couch or pushed up against a wall. It feels like all his fantasies because he's *full*, and he's never been as full and satisfied and *content* as he is right then.

George lays on his chest without enough care for how sticky they both are. Dream finds comfort in the heavy breaths spilled out against his ear, and he thinks he could do this forever, if George would let him.

Maybe living with George had been a *good* idea after all.

End Notes

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i have lots of fics in the works !! i'm very very excited to write a lot of them, like so, *so* many of them, and i thank you all for reading and enjoying my content <3

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